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Autumn Mornings

Hilde Kronsage*

*Iowa State College

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Autumn Mornings

By Hilde Kronsage

THE GOLD of sunlight blinds my eyes
Each morning as I face the light,
But through the rays the autumn skies
Are blue and misty from the night.
Where land meets sky are purple trees
And fuzzy bushes green and grey.
They blend in soft, continuous seas
Of hazy waves—a wistful day.

This morning as I face the east
The sunlight has no warmth, no glow.
The trees stand black; the fields are pieced
In brown and grey. And cold winds blow
The dead, dried leaves in whirling mounds.
Their whispers are the only sounds.



A Child and Life

By Catherine W. Birmingham

LIFE LAUGHED at me:
I hid my head, then wept a little,
So life would never see
How very, very much this meant to me.

Life laughed at me:
I hid behind a curtain where
I thought perhaps I'd better flee,
Where life would find it difficult to see.

Life laughed at me:
I ran and ran so very far away,
Then peeped behind, and there across the lea—
Life turned and gently laughed at me.